

p. m. It was raining a little, but no one objected as the rain usually means a quiet night and no bombing by aeroplanes.

*July 23, Tuesday.* A very quiet night and one we all enjoyed. It is still raining today and I have spent most of the day in the office studying maps, trenches, orders, and writing my attack order which will go into effect tomorrow. The two battalions change places and that means not only getting out orders for the change, but also a new attack order adapted to the various units in their new positions. These were prepared and ready for the Colonel's approval in the p. m. He was at camp for dinner but left immediately afterwards for Headquarters 2d Battalion. While here he thought that several of our orders had not been carried out and that we had made some bad breaks in our work by not keeping in close enough touch, by runner, with our officers. I heard from him later that we were O.K. and that the trouble was not with our men but the Infantry officers who had not done their part.

The Colonel did not stop by on his return but sent the car in for me about six and wanted me to come into Watou, which I did. This obliged me to cut a dinner engagement with Major Reynolds, but I had told him the night before that my acceptance depended upon what duties I might be called upon to perform. He said that was taken for granted and recognized. We can never tell what orders we may receive or where we may be sent.

I reached Watou about eight and stayed with Colonel Ferguson until nearly ten, when I returned to camp. He approved the orders I had prepared. We took a walk around Watou and inspected the site for Headquarters Company of the Regiment when we move there, which we will probably do if the attack order becomes effective.

*July 24, Wednesday.* Last night was a beautiful moonlight night, a few clouds but clear. Just the kind that the aeroplanes want in making the raids. We knew the German planes would be over and we were *not* (agreeably) disappointed. They came over and it seemed as though one of them just persisted in circling our camp looking for a good place upon which to drop a bomb. Each one of us feels that our hut or tent is the particular one that the aeroplane is hunting for, and as one lies there, listening to the enemy plane, he begins to swell up and grow in size until he knows that it is impossible for the observer to miss seeing him or the bomb to miss hit-